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# TWO SIDES OF A FLIPPED COIN

University  
Archive

By Bill Usher

(Due to a mental breakdown (hers) this article which was written after 'The Great Storm' has until now not found its way into print)

It was a day like we've been having lately. Way above my head the wind was shaking the broken tree branches and the icy spray blowing in my face seemed just like a gentle caress. I was walking up Huron to meet John Jordan, a graduate student working for Campus Co-op. Slipping my way around the slushy puddles, I took a quick glance down Washington, then turned into the unshoveled one way path that led to the large veranda of one of those old houses that you can only find off Spadina or Sherbourne. Minus the tiffany shades, this house is the temporary home of Campus Co-op and Rochdale.

I talked to John about Co-op College, an off shoot of Campus Co-op. A semi-non-profit organization, Co-op College is visiting university centres in Ontario (although

similar projects are running throughout the nation) publicising co-ops and where asked, staying to help the interested students initiate their own program. An experienced Co-op advisor would enter the scene and buy a suitable house by arranging a C. M. H. C. mortgage taking care of 90% of the cost. A building developer would be found to refurbish the house and can usually be counted on to invest 8% of his own money, leaving 2% to be raised by the students. This is raised by perseverance: finding interested affluent people who are willing to invest with small debentures. The principal and interest is paid for by the student's residence fees over so many years. The advisor's salary is paid and he leaves the fledgling program breathing comfortably.

At this point sugar plum fantasies were dancing in my head and I could see how this could affect Innis College. In '68, Innis will have two temporary locations with still no permanent building in sight for at least the next

two years. With this in mind it's thought by most observers that Innis will be stagnant waiting... Co-op residences for Innis, however, could present an exciting and modernistic approach to education within this university following the programs of UBC, Simon Fraser, and many free schools throughout Canada. We could involve students in a learning and living together process by using our two locations as academic centres where the students from the houses would meet with resource people and other students. The houses would be run on a co-op basis with one resource person living in as one of the students not as a don or supervisor.

Fantasies with hard work, can come true. Houses just west of Spadina are at this moment available. If the Building Committee's new plans for a building are again turned down by the Government, why not this? If we do get the building, why not this to add an extra dimension. We could call it the Centennial plus One Plan.

By Leonard Shick

When I read that article concerning Co-op housing for Innis I was alarmed. I want to straighten a few things out. And I want you to know that I had to fight to get my side of the story in print. Masthead of liberalism indeed!

This idea of Co-opism is growing stronger and stronger on University campuses and it's about time we put a stop to it. Once again I am proud to be a member of Innis noting that the fascist \$2.00 surcharge on all students for Co-op housing moved to be the former Executive will be allowed to die in the Policy Committee by the present Executive. It's about time the Executive stood up for student rights! Hurray!

My cousin Morty, who attends Simon Fraser University just wrote to me and told me about this Co-op that is running in New Westminster. I was shocked by some of the things that were going on. It seems they have two large houses side by side that house 40 kids in all. And that's not all. Morty says that he's heard that they have all

kinds of transients sleeping overnight on the couches. But the biggest shock of all was when I heard that there were actually boys and girls living together - student's living common-law and nobody thought anything of it. Can you imagine it? Apparently it cost each student about \$80.00 a month and they got room and board. But Morty says they have to get their own meals except for dinner where they all sit around a large square table and eat macaroni and cheese. Morty wondered whether the girls gave the boys breakfast in bed. And I don't have to tell you the type of kids that live in a place like this. Of course they've all got long hair and smell and some guys there are draft dodgers and they've got pictures of nude men and women bawling hands plastered all over the bathroom walls. And they're all dope addicts because they've got a sign on the door that says you can't have drugs in the house. And

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## INNIS HERALD

STILL THE MASTHEAD OF LIBERALISM

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### The Small College Revisited or Apathy Is A Fate Worse Than Death

By Sigmund Frash

No, Mr. Sword, the physical damage to my Near Eastern Literature notes can be repaired. It's the realization of the disastrous consequences to my beloved college of that heinous ideology, Student Power, that has put me in such a state of psychic aberration. Sit down and tell you all about it? Be glad to.

Well, you see it all started when I decided to visit the college once more, seeing as how it is my last year and I hadn't been around for ages. Immediately I noticed something was different. The hammer-and-sickle were waving from a pole over the front door.

At first I dismissed it merely as another example of Innis students' high spirits or perhaps as a salute to the 50th Anniversary of the founding of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. But no! I heard gunshots from within!

With nary a thought for my own safety, I dashed inside shielding myself with my Near Eastern Literature notes, only to find Marnie Underwood standing on a coffee table and firing a sub-machine gun into the ceiling to get the attention from the crowd around her. Yes, she looked tall and lithe and very fetching in her white over-

the knee boots (\$26. Hartridges), scarlet tie piece ensemble with matching cape (\$95. Creeds), and jaunty white beret.

But then she began to speak. 'Revolutionary students of Innis College, vanguard of the academic community, the revolution has come! At long last the oppressed class of students have thrown off their shackles. No more are exams, tests, labs, and book reports at Innis College! The professorial oppressors have been driven from their lecterns, the administrative bureaucrats from their offices! Long live student power!

'Long live Student Power!' cheered the motley-looking group around her, firing their rifles into the ceiling.

At first I thought I had wandered by mistake into the SAC office. But just then, Marnie noticed me, leaped down from the table, and rushed over to embrace me. 'Sigmund!' she cried, pressing me to her bosom. 'It's been so long.'

'Marnie, I answered, 'you seem different somehow.'

'Oh yes,' she replied, 'it's all the excitement. We've had a revolution, you know. Overthrown the administration and replaced them with a dictatorship of

the learners.'

'Oh, really?' I said. 'Yes, but you'll have to excuse me now. Business, you know.'

'Of course,' I replied. She climbed back onto the table and fired a few more rounds into the ceiling. 'The University is ripe for revolution,' she continued. 'It is only the professorial plot of dividing and ruling that has kept the class of students fragmented too long in many faculties and colleges. But the students are one! Ours is an intermarital movement! The men of Knox College are our brothers! The women of Pots are our sisters! We must help them overthrow their faculty oppression. We must liberate them from the yoke of administration. Students of the University unite; you have nothing to lose but the loan portion of your Post-asp awards! Today Innis, tomorrow the University!'

More cheering and shooting from the mob who lifted her onto its shoulders. 'Too de loo,' she piped and blew me a kiss as she went by on her way to a raid on U.C.

But I was too stunned to answer. Was this all possible? What had happened to the nice, quiet, passive Innis College students I knew?

Weak from the shock, I stumbled over to the long table by the coat rack and collapsed in a chair.

'What's trump?' someone

asked.

'Clubs,' replied another. 'Aha! I buckled to myself, 'they're here. Even Student Power couldn't destroy the basic behaviour patterns of Innis College students.'

But when I turned around to greet my old friends, I saw, to my great amazement that it was the members of the Innis College Council who were playing bridge. 'Learned ladies and gentlemen,' I gasped, 'wherefore do you play bridge and whither have gone the old regulars, Dave Rozen, Gary Priestman et al?'

'Well,' remarked one, 'now that we don't have to run the college, we have more time to enjoy ourselves. These students are far too serious anyway. What this college needs is Less Intellectualism and More Fun. As for the old regulars, they're now occupying the administrative offices.'

I didn't believe it but the proof stared me right in the face.

'You're just a dirty old man!' I righteously indignated to Ken Saul, the new principal of Innis College,

who was making love to a secretary.

'I resemble that remark,' he cried out, 'make love not war.'

In the Writing Laboratory, however, I was at first relieved to see Mr. King, Mrs. Cotter, and the entire tutorial staff. But then I noticed that they were chained to their desks and prodded occasionally by the students with pistols who were urging them to write longer and better essays.

Dazed and dejected, I wandered back into the common room. There I noticed a harlequin-looking but handsome young man in a garishly coloured outfit darting from one set of curtains to another, setting them on fire. Observing the letters 'FD' emblazoned on his jacket, I enquired, 'Are you from the Fire Department?'

'No,' he answered, puffing from the effort, 'I'm fiery and dynamic.' And he hurried off.

I needed a strong drink. So I headed towards the hot chocolate machine. But hanging over the entrance to the coffee area was sign which read: 'Licensed Under the LCBO Act.'

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***on the art of dropping out***

*I tried a stroll  
down  
a tree lined path  
in october  
as the overdead barren branches  
shook their leaves  
on my head  
and I smiled  
whispering you're not dead  
even though my words  
told hourly  
in the bell tower  
keeping time  
with the people  
from all around  
but my heart  
missed the beat  
so I walked on the grass  
and sat down  
beside a tree  
leaned back against the trunk  
and covered myself  
with the laughing leaves  
and watched the faces  
passing by  
smiling back  
at their curious glances  
catching and throwing  
my leaves  
in the air  
like a father  
dreaming of his grown up son  
dreaming of things  
he'd wished  
he'd done*

*bill usher*







## WHO AM I?

By Michael Parker

(Mr. Parker is a reporter for 'THE STRAND')

To the outsider, Innis College seems to hold virtually no appeal. One of the major reasons for this is its building. I don't believe there is enough actual Innis ground to warrant saying, 'Remove thy shoes, for the ground upon which thou walkest is Innis College ground.' I brought a Grade 13 student who was intending to go to Innis to see the College and when I pointed it out to her, she at first didn't believe me. After showing her the Innis plaque outside the door, she began frantically running around the building to find out where they were hiding the rest of it.

But what does Innis offer? Certainly not a distinguished faculty. For that the students must go to U.C. A library? Again they must go to the jailhouse or Sigmund Samuel. A common room? That she offers and what a common room! It almost matches that of U.C. in disorder. What are the impressions of the outsider who dares venture into this hotbed of . . . well,

this hotbed? From the outset, he is treated as an outsider; he is made to feel very uncomfortable, for he realizes that he has interrupted 25 bridge games as those diligently practising their art look up and scrutinize him before re-dealing their hand.

The more the outsider looks on, the more he notices the similarities to Homer's House of Hades with its dim, querulous, ineffective counterparts of the lining whose only utterance is a shrill squeak.

But I have overlooked Innis' other advantages: she is multi-faculty (which means that ghosts of many interests can mingle instead of ghosts of just one), and I believe she has some spirit (Innis students must have spirit towards their college--if they don't who will?).

Perhaps I was too harsh at the beginning--Innis College is undoubtedly one of the finer institutions of higher learning in the University of Toronto.

## Disappointing First Meeting

By Clare Booker, Vice-President

The first Executive meeting closed a lot of eyes and opened a lot of mouths. The eyes were closed and rolled heavenward in sheer frustration over ignorance of procedural matters on the part of most of the members, in spite of the fact that abridged Robert's Rules of Order were distributed before the meeting. The mouths were opened frequently and without a basis of rational policy.

The meeting went from 7:30 to 10:30, at least an hour more than necessary, due to the fact that committee matters were brought up before the full executive, notably the half hour over a choice of magazines to buy for the Common Room and an equal amount of time over the Mistletoe Mash--should it be held at Innis or in the Debates Room? The members discovered a new toy--'Committee of the Whole'--into which we moved on several occasions. But did the members fully understand the implications of 'Committee of the Whole'? Did they realize they had to come out of it with a motion? The new members also failed to realize that motions are not carried out by themselves, but require appointed people with budgets to fulfill the policies. The Chairman, Leonard Willachick, noticeably greyed during the meeting as members spoke continuously out of turn.

The lack of policy was de-

monstrated over the College Image and the Executive Seminar. The Executive voted down the sign for the Innis College Necking Room which won the International Mononucleosis Award from the Variety as well as a proposed suggestion for a subscription to Playboy. Aside from the question of the intrinsic value of the Necking Room and Playboy this action shows the Executive rejection of a certain type of image ('The Necking Room gives a bad image of the College'; 'If someone came in and saw Playboy lying on the table . . .') The Executive has yet to take any action towards the kind of image it wishes to project. (Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour; England hath need of thee: she is a fen/Of stagnant waters:) A policy conference is to be held at the Executive Seminar, May 25 and 26, yet even for this the Executive felt they didn't need resource people. The members feel competent enough to be able to discuss philosophies of education and multi-faculty themselves. The CUS National Conference brings in special resource people but the Innis College Executive doesn't need such people.

It is hoped this meeting is not indicative of the future manner of the Executive. Perhaps the Seminar will close a lot of mouths and open a lot of eyes.

## INNIS HERALD

This issue is dedicated to the life and writings of fiery and dynamic Ken Stone.

EDITOR  
WORKER  
LAYOUT  
DESIGN OF CENTRE SPREAD  
PHOTOS  
TYPING

Marnie Underwood  
Bill Usher  
Arden Cohen  
John Mycka  
Ralph Gray  
Clare Booker

A liberal document paid for by the students of Innis College to impress their fraternal and sociable outlook on life upon themselves.

## SPORTS NEWS

By Gino Garumta

Scant minutes ago on the narrow oval of the Upper Gym Innis College once again distinguished itself athletically. Yea, sports fans, the Innis College Men's Executive Track Team ran away third place in the 1000 metre relay against stiff competition from PHE and Engineering. Payched on by a pre-meet huddle with Marnie Underwood (coach and general manager) in the ICS5 office this week's contenders, meek, mild Bob Bossin, (captain); fat fleet Ron Pushchak (asst. captain); fiery & dynamic Ken Stone (2nd asst. captain), and Barry Spinner (Indian) were unable to comment after the race.

However, down in the shower-room, our runners, whose motto is 'Fleet of Foot and Big of Mouth' were bubbling with a post meet analysis.

'Well, it beats last week', said Stone.

'What happened last week?' asked Spinner.

'Rik Keston and I placed 14th and 17th in the 880' Stone replied.

'How many ran?' inquired Pushchak.

'Eighteen' answered Stone.

'Whom did you beat?' asked Spinner.

'Oh, some cripple from New,' Stone answered.

'Did you shake hands with him after?' Spinner continued.

'He didn't have any', meekly explained Captain Bossin.

At this point the team left the showers for the locker-room where after a comparison of track uniforms Ron Pushchak was unanimously voted stinkiest runner on the team, his uniform euthanized in the public interest and sent back for burial in the Ukraine.

'Well, guys,' said Barry Spinner, 'next week it's the mile.'

'I can run it in 6:30,' Ron Pushchak offered.

'What time do you start, four o'clock?' retorted Captain Bossin.

As the sun sank slowly into the west, I left them there in the locker-room, our heroes in green, blue and white carefully planning their strategy for the mile next week, like true sportsmen each respected the other for the athlete he was, each confident under encouraging leadership of Bob Bossin--leadership well deserved by such a team.

I know I speak for the whole College, when I say good luck Innis College Men's Executive Track Team!

## GRAB AN EYEFUL

By Ron Pushchak

Rumour has it, and rumour can keep it that Innis College had a formal. What a mistake! It was an obvious blunder by the otherwise most capable social director. Let me explain. Firstly it was timed exactly at the height of the social season when everyone is just dying to be cool and cultured. Secondly, it was located at the Old Mill. Bad Boob! It was cosy and romantic amidst those traditions and memories. Thirdly, last year's formal was a success, a great band (same this year) and a groovy time. I must protest. This is just not in keeping with the staunch traditions of Innis College to have two great formals in a row! I am disappointed.

Next, Smat queen semi-formals have been held in a secret all-night judging session at the Jerkwater motel at Highway 27 and Concession 183 last night and the night before, and the night before etc. . . The results are in and the winner is Fatula Foulface.

Plans are now underway for a co-educational Innis College Sauna party to be held May 6. It is a great opportunity to see your chosen one as he/she really is. If you know already, rough break. People who are interested contact me person-

ally care of the Smut Society Innis College Student Office.

What Ever happened to Bill Usher? Inquiries reveal that he has graced the west coast of our fair land with himself. (Ed. note: Is his head still in the clouds?)

The Sir John A. MacDonald Birthday Party? It was discovered the day before, that old Sir John (everyone loved him) had suddenly passed away and in observance of a respectable period of grief, the party will be postponed until next year.

Ken Stone's green jacket? Police have dragged it out of the Don River whereupon investigation has shown that it was destroyed in the name of silence.

All those couples necking in the Common Room? Is our Common Room no longer adequate? Are we falling below the neck-line? The new Necking Room is a direct result of your fast moving, dynamic executive tackling the problem.

The great female movement to invade and/or conquer the no women rule in Hart House? I know! Those dumb broads finally discovered in a daring daylight commando raid (Benson patrol) that 't smells like Old Ukrainian sweat sock in there.

## FLIPPED COIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Morty says a friend of his who visited the place said they have pictures of Che Cuevara all over the place and he even heard them talking about some so-called world revolution! And what we don't need around here is a revolution!

So, I just wanted to point out, through my cousin Morty, what could happen if we did such a thing. The student's of Innis would have to be severely chastised for letting the dignity of the College go downhill. Don't say I didn't warn you!

## SMALL COLLEGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

'Is not this type of conduct prejudicial to the College?' I asked myself.

But when I got to the bar, I was astounded to find Dr. Harris behind it in an apron, shining up its surface and polishing glasses.

'Dr. Harris,' I exclaimed, 'What are you doing here?'

'I'm here in loco parentis,' he replied. 'What'll it be?'

'A Dow'd go good now,' I remarked.

'Dow?' several voices repeated.

I cleared my throat. 'Well then, how about a draft of--'

'Draft?' chorussed the voices.

'A hot chocolate?' I offered, whereupon Dr. Harris and the whole room burst out in uncontrollable laughter.

That was the last straw. Crashing my teeth in frustration, I marched into the registrar's office to demand to be transferred to Emmanuel College.

'Tell the registrar all your teensy-weensy hang-ups,' purred a voice behind me as a pair of soft hands massaged my neck.

Don't blow your cool' she advised, offering me a cigarette. 'Tell me about your bag.'

'Well,' I began, 'as far as I am concerned, Innis College has gone to pot. I don't care about student members on the council, student housing, course evaluations and the like. All I want to do is get my degree so I can go on to law school and thus be able to afford a wife, one and a quarter children, two cars and a split-level house in Don Mills.' I sighed.

The registrar put a hand to her gaping mouth. (She could have used it more effectively elsewhere.)

Yes, I continued 'our society needs more professional people. In seeking a degree, I am not only strengthening the moral fibre of society but also reaffirming the basic social purpose of the university.'

'Holy peyote, you're apathetic!' she gasped.

Apathetic. The very walls seemed to echo this alarming word. Apathetic, apathetic, apathetic.

'Fire on command' Marnie ordered, drawing the firing squad up in front of me.

But Marnie, I pleaded, should you be making this kind of decision for me?

'Sigmund, this is all for your own good,' she explained reassuringly. 'Apathy is a fate worse than death.'

Just then, two U. of T. policemen entered the common room.

'Sorry, old chap,' one of them said after hearing my plight. 'We are powerless to act in this situation.' He moved towards me to offer me one last drag of his cigarette, and in doing so stepped on my toe.

'Police brutality!' I screamed.

In the ensuing chaos, I managed to escape. The only casualty being my Near Eastern Lit. notes.

'Well Mr. Sword, that's my story... not to worry, Mr. Sword... why are you picking up the phone... what is that tramping on the stairs... why are you leaving me, Mr. Sword... Mr. Sword...'